

# THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 27



Photo by Dr. D. J. Rusicka.

"'T IS SPRING, 'T IS SPRING, THAT GREET'S US NOW ONCE MORE."

## Forest Trees.

CHILDREN, have you seen the budding  
Of the trees in valleys low?  
Have you watched it creeping, creeping  
Up the mountain soft and slow?  
Weaving there a plush-like mantle,  
Brownish, grayish, reddish green,  
Changing, changing daily, hourly,  
Till it smiles in emerald sheen?

Have you watched the shades so varied,  
From the graceful, little white birch,  
Faint and tender, to the balsam's  
Evergreen so dark and rich?  
Have you seen the quaint mosaics  
Gracing all the mountain sides  
Where they, mingling, intertwining,  
Sway like softest mid-air tides?

Have you see the autumn frostings  
Spread in all the leafage bright,—  
Frostings of the rarest color,  
Red and yellow, dark and light?  
Have you seen the glory painted  
On the mountain, valley, hill,  
When the landscape, all illumined,  
Blazons forth His taste and skill?

Have you seen the foliage dropping,  
Tender cling, as loath to leave  
Mother-trees that taught them deftly  
All their warp and woof to weave?  
Have you seen the leafless branches  
Tossing wildly 'gainst the blue?  
Have you seen the soft gray beauty  
Of their wintry garments' hue?

Have you thought the resurrection  
Seen in nature year by year  
Is a symbol of our rising  
In a higher, holier sphere?  
Children, ye are buds maturing;  
Make your autumn rich and grand,  
That your winter be a passage  
Through the gates to Glory-land.

*Mother Truth's Melodies.*

## The Garden of Life.

The Garden of Life,—it beareth well,  
It will repay our care;  
But the blossom must always and ever be  
Like the seed we're planting there.  
For beautiful thoughts make beautiful lives;  
And every work and deed  
Lies in the thought that prompted it,  
As the flower lies in the seed.

A. E. GODFREY.

## "Uncle Bill."

BY ARTHUR W. PEACH.

IF you were asked who "Uncle Bill" was, you would probably say that he was a man. But he was very different from a man, though he had a voice—a very startling voice. It would start far down on a deep, low pitch, then go shrieking up to a very high, crying note, then slide down again. "Uncle Bill" was the name of a great siren whistle of the Hartley Furniture Mills.

The one who first called the big whistle "Uncle Bill" was an old man who was night-fireman in the large engine-house. Ted Murdock, who lived with his grandmother in a little house on the hill back of the engine-house, always carried supper in a round tin pail to the old fireman, and Ted soon learned to know quite a little about "Uncle Bill."

There was very little to do in the big engine-room during the night, but some one had to stay there to see that the fires in the big furnaces did not blaze up, and that everything was well. After bringing the supper pail, Ted used to sit in the engine-room; and when the fireman, "Gramp" Marks, as he was called, had finished his supper, he used to talk with Ted about "Uncle Bill."



about the distance he could be heard on still nights, about the way his big voice was made; and he showed Ted a ring, fastened to a thick wire, which, if pulled, would make "Uncle Bill" whistle as if in anger.

Ted used to like to stay, and "Gramp" seemed to like to have him; for the nights were long and lonely where "Gramp" watched. There were other buildings and watchmen for them, but they were at some distance from the engine building, which was placed near the great lumber yard and sheds where lumber was dried.

After Ted had stayed until he knew his grandmother would want him at home to do some of the work about the house,—for she boarded some of the mill workers,—he would go up to the little house. After the work was done, he liked to sit in his room and look down. He could see the lights in the engine-room, and once in a while he could see "Gramp" moving about, or the yellow flash that streams out when a furnace door was opened. As he watched, he used to imagine that suddenly "Uncle Bill" decided to whistle, and that the sound went clear to the mountain across the valley, over it, and far beyond; and once in a while he used to dream that he pulled the ring, and that "Uncle Bill" never shouted as he did when "Gramp" did it.

One night he was dreaming, and the dream began this way: somebody pulled him by the arm and said, "Laddie! laddie! there's a fire in the mills! in the dryer!"

Now the "dryer" was a big building, near the engine-house, where wood is dried by means of heat sent through pipes from the engine. If the "dryer" should catch fire, it would burn like a gigantic mass of kindling. If the mills ever caught fire, the signal to the village fire department below in the valley was "Uncle Bill's" voice. He called twice. "Gramp" had told Ted that.

He was dreaming this, he thought, but suddenly he awoke, and found it was *not* a dream! His grandmother was pulling him out of bed, and begging him to wake up.

He ran to the window and saw the smoke and flame. He rushed back and hurried into a few clothes, down the stairs he went, and out into the night. His first thought was to go to the few houses up on the hill and rouse the men; but he knew that before the men could get to the mills and the engine-room, they would have to go around the long, high, sharp-pointed fence that surrounded the buildings. Ted knew a way to go under the fence: he had made it in order to cut short the distance he had to go when carrying "Gramp's" supper.

He made for it on the dead jump. As he ran, he thought. He wondered where "Gramp" was that he did not wake "Uncle Bill" and send the great voice howling down into the darkness of the valley. The other watchmen would not be able to see the flames until they got high enough to light up the far-off buildings, and then they could do little.

Ted slid under the fence and dashed down. As he fled around one of the long lumber sheds and into the alley between two great piles, the smoke and cinders beat upon him as if to drive him back, but he kept on. Close to the side of each tall lumber pile he ran, dodging and twisting until he came in sight of the engine-house: around it the great dryer was ablaze. He sped for the engine-house door, from which the smoke was pouring.

A man was staggering out, dragging a limp form. The man was one of the night-watchmen. He caught sight of Ted and

gasped: "Ted, blow the whistle! I—don't know—where it—is—the smoke! Gramp must—have fell—runnin'. He's stunned—you!"

Ted turned in the door: the room was full of smoke, and he trembled and hesitated. But he hesitated only a moment. He knew where the ring was: upon him depended the saving of the mills. The watchman did not know, and "Gramp" had been knocked unconscious by some fall as he tried to stumble through the smoke to the place where "Uncle Bill" waited.

Strangling and gasping, his eyes smarting, Ted worked his way to the side of the big boiler in one end. He groped with eager fingers, and for a moment was fearful that he could not find the ring. Suddenly his fingers touched, closed, and down they came.

Over his head there was a deep roar; then over the sound of the flames a massive voice rose with a wild and shrieking note. Deep down it started, and high, higher, it went, screaming and shrieking like a live thing; and down into the sleeping village Ted knew the bellowing, howling voice was driving men from beds of sleep, starting children crying in fear, and bringing aid.

Again Ted drew on the ring, and again the wild voice of "Uncle Bill" roared for assistance, his voice crashing and smashing through the silence of the night.

Denser the smoke wrapped itself around Ted, but he hung on to the ring that made "Uncle Bill" shout until he was sure the big voice had done its duty; then Ted blindly stumbled and reeled to the door and outward into the air, just as the clang of gongs rang through the night, and the squirming lines of hose belched their floods of water at the mounting flames.

The earth hears me,  
The sun hears me,—  
Shall I lie?

*Oath among the Shoshone Indians.*

### Faithful unto Death.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SEA SCOUT.

BY JAMES W. ROCH.

*(Scout Master of the Boy Scout Patrol, Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), Montreal, Canada.)*

EVERY boy, whether he be American or Canadian, will have heard with regret the death of Captain R. F. Scott, the Antarctic explorer. Captain Scott was what we boy Scouts call a great "Sea Scout," and seems to have been in every way a model of what a Scout should be. I wonder if all boys understand that phrase we sometimes use, "to play the game." It means to "play fair," to play a game as it should be played. In this sense Scott played the game of his life, and came out more than conqueror. Scott was one of those of whom Kipling sings, to whom "Came the whisper, came the vision," which drew them out of the safety of cities to a life of danger and a death at the ends of the earth.

His life was a fitting preparation for his heroic death. When he was a lad, he joined the navy. Here he learned, above all other lessons, to obey and to consider the doing of duty as of much more importance than the obtaining of reward. Almost every trouble in the world comes from selfishness in one form or another. But, like every real scout, Captain Scott always thought of others before

himself. One of the last things he did before he left New Zealand was to make arrangements so that all the money paid for his story by the newspapers throughout the world would go as a surprise gift to his men upon their return home, instead of going into his own pocket. When Scott sailed for the Antarctic, it was with the intention of making scientific investigations and then of pushing on to the South Pole. This was the programme which had been laid out for him by the society which sent him out, and he fulfilled his instructions to the letter. It came as a surprise to him when Captain Amundsen suddenly went South with a Polar expedition. He was still a true sportsman, however, and wrote back, "Amundsen is taking a big risk, and, if he gets through, he will have deserved his luck." When Scott did reach the Pole, he honorably made a record in his diary of finding the hut which Amundsen had built and other traces of his expedition. Upon their terrible march back Scott and his companions proved their heroic worth by their mutual helpfulness. Two of their number fell ill and doubtless told the others to go on without them. They refused. Then one of the sick men died, and the other, rather than be a burden to his friends, marched out of the tent to his death amid the storm and darkness. Scott, in spite of hunger, cold, and weariness, such as we cannot understand, continued to make the daily entry in his diary so that he could leave a complete record of the expedition. Finally he wrote a last message to the public. "These rough notes and our bodies must tell the tale," he said; and he appealed to his countrymen to care for those depending on him and on his perishing companions. Scott and his friends were "faithful unto death." Don't let anybody tell us that their lives were "foolishly thrown away." A man's life is thrown away if it is merely spent in pleasure-seeking or in money-making. A life like that of Scott, clean and brave, is never lost, whether it is spent in adventure or in the round of school and home and office or shops. However long or short it may be, the man or boy who lives it will get much out of it and will leave the world better for having lived in it.

### In Early Spring.

Gray earth, gray sky, and leafless trees between—

Oh, it is long since summer made them green! Yet, even now, across this sodden earth Come sights and sounds foretelling summer mirth.

And he who listens long may hear the words That nature whispers to the world; the birds'

Soft little chatter, breaking into song; The snowdrops, hidden all the winter long; The crocuses, like golden lamps aglow; The violets, whose speech is very low— These make their glad responses, one and all, Of prayer and eager praise unto her call. And, when the stately summer comes this way,

Fair beyond words in festival array, I shall remember this gray afternoon, When early Spring made prophecy of June!

*Scattered Seeds.*

"I think it every man's indispensable duty to do all the service he can to his country; and I see not what difference he puts between himself and his cattle who lives without that thought."



## Indian Friends.

BY NINA MCCUEN.

"All this talk about opening the Indian reservations reminds me of the time we lived neighbors with a tribe of Winnebagoes," said Grandmother, laying down the paper and taking off her glasses,—a sure sign a story was about to be told.

"Let me see," she began. "It was in 1850, and I was five years old, when my father moved his family from Vermont away up in Wisconsin, where he built a saw-mill on the banks of a beautiful little river and so founded the town of Le Val.

"With us were five other families from our old home, and by all working together the mill and six houses were built by the time cold weather set in.

"Just a little way up the river was a winter camp where about five hundred Winnebago Indians were living, and they didn't lose much time in coming to inspect the new palefaces. Although at first a little wary of us, they eventually became very friendly, and during the long winter kept us supplied with venison and thought themselves well repaid by the dainties the women gave them.

"We had no locks on our doors, and it was nothing unusual for Mother, when she went into the kitchen in the mornings, to find six or seven stalwart 'braves' there asleep. They would wrap themselves in their blankets and lie in a semi-circle before the big fireplace, in this way drying their moccasins. Her entrance would awaken them, and, with a grunt, they would get up and leave the house.

"There was always a group of Winnebagoes around the mill-door, and they considered it a great favor to be allowed to gather up and carry away the sawdust. They were strictly honest, and never but once did any of them steal.

"That time a young squaw, after admiring for weeks a pincushion belonging to our foreman's wife, entered the house and took it unbeknown to its owner. She displayed it at the camp, and the chief made her bring it back and apologize. He, with three others, escorted her and stood shaming her all the time she made her little speech.

"At all our festivities, Christmas, Thanksgiving, and New Year, our red friends were on hand, and, although we heard much from other people about their trouble with the Indians, we never experienced anything of the kind.

"The chief, an old man, had an absolutely unpronounceable name, so we called him 'Chief Dandy,' and he seemed thoroughly satisfied. In his youth he had been imprisoned by the French and had learned to write and speak a little of that language. He was very proud of this, and we often thought that the fact Father spoke a little French accounted for the many favors shown us.

"Everything seemed to prosper with us from the start. The men found an unlimited supply of lumber right at the door, and

the settlers in the little villages beginning to spring up around us were glad to buy our lumber and so build a better house than the log cabins of the earlier pioneers. We had even sent back to Boston for a school-teacher, and great sport the Indians had with her! The young braves were mischievous, and, when they found that she was terribly afraid of them, lost no opportunity of frightening her.

"One evening just after her arrival she was sitting before our fire with Mother, telling her all the news of the world we had left behind us. Suddenly there was a noise at the window, and she nearly fainted when she looked towards the curtainless glass and saw in each little pane an Indian face drawn into a most horrible grimace. About eight young bucks had silently arranged themselves at the windows, and then tapped on the glass to attract her attention. They came into the room fairly convulsed with mirth and their efforts to be calm, and Mother scolded them roundly while trying to reassure the trembling teacher.



SIGHTING THE ENEMY.

"One day our friends in the camp made preparations for a grand hunt. As they were at peace with the palefaces, and their hereditary enemies, the Chippewas, were many miles away, they left a very few old men to guard the camp. The chief went with the hunters. Father took me out to see them leave, and I have a very confused memory of sitting before him on a big, gray horse, and seeing a long string of ponies and men file past.

"They had been gone a week when Father was awakened one night by a pounding on the door. He opened it, and an Indian boy named Little Smoke came in and told him that one of the boys of the camp had gone several miles up the river to fish and had seen on the bank the camp of a large party of Chippewas. It seemed certain that they were on their way to attack the Winnebagoes. In the absence of the chief the old men had sent to the 'Paleface Chief' for help.

"Father thought a long time, and then directed the lad to return to camp and have all the old people, squaws, and papooses brought

in to the settlement, and he would hide them in the different houses. The stores of provisions, furs, and ammunition they were to bring and put in the loft of the mill.

"The messenger disappeared immediately, and Father hurried around to awaken the men and make preparations for their unexpected guests. Before dawn they had all arrived, bag and baggage; and the Indians in charge of the camp made the poor squaw who had stolen the pincushion ask shelter of the owner of that much prized ornament.

"The men then returned to the camp and removed every sign of the trail leading to our village, placing moss and twigs over it as only the natives of the forest can, and also they scattered the ashes of their fires so as to make it appear that the camp had been deserted for a week.

"Father made our guests lie concealed all the next day, and at night both Indians and white men stood guard. There was little sleep for any of us that night; and, when one of the Winnebago boys went out to scout in the morning, he found traces of a

large body of horsemen who had trampled all over the camp, and then followed the river north, never dreaming that in the little village a mile away were those they sought.

"The Winnebagoes stayed with us two days and then went back to camp. Two weeks later their hunters returned; and, when Chief Dandy heard of what we had done, he made each family presents of meat and valuable furs. This act cemented our friendship with the tribe; and, when spring came and they prepared to leave, the chief came to our house and, picking up a Bible, wrote on the fly-leaf in both French and the Indian sign-language, telling Mother to show it to any Indian who would come, and they would not molest her. The day they left we all stopped work and went to the camp. It seemed to the

children that we were losing our best friends, and even some of the solemn warriors looked a little sorry as we waved to them our good-byes."

## Why April Weeps.

BUBBLING o'er with lilted laughter,  
Butterflies a-fluttering after,  
April dances in;  
Shades her eyes with rosy fingers;  
Looks toward May, laughs low, and lingers,  
Then her tears begin.

For, a-growing sweeter, older,  
Glancing gayly o'er her shoulder,  
Down the backward track,—  
Using all his arts to please her,  
There stands March, and just to tease her  
Calls her back.

Lippincott's.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never inflicts pain.  
CARDINAL NEWMAN.



## THE BEACON.

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## From the Editor to You.

Some of our Sunday schools, we hope many of them, are using on one Sunday, in either March or April, the service of Loyalty in observance of Association Day. The children are learning the School Prayer and Pledge, to use not only on one day, but many times, as part of the Sunday-school worship.

Are they learning, too, what it means to be loyal to all that is true and right? We stand by our school and our church with courage and devotion, because they give us the chance to find out what is true, to learn to love all that is good. We care for our larger fellowship, many schools and churches together, because we can do so much together. Will the children who make the offering to the Association try to find out what good the money so given is doing, and so gain a real interest in our national work?

The children and young people may like to use the Prayer and Pledge on a Sunday when an offering for a Beacon Scholarship is taken. That would be another excellent way of entering into our larger work. Any one who has not seen the beautifully printed Prayer and Pledge card may secure it in any desired quantity by writing to Unitarian Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Watch for the good things soon to appear in *The Beacon*. The boys will welcome, among other things, an excellent base-ball story, "The War Club," by A. W. Peach. Are any of the girls wanting to earn a little money? I wonder if they would think of the way chosen by Nan in "Her Literary Journey"? What do you think happened in the world, when March and April begged Mother Nature to let them change places and do each other's work? You may find out if you read all that our paper will give you this month. The issue for April 20 will again be an eight-page number, with one page especially planned for our youngest readers. There are good things for every one. *Be sure to find your share.*

Rollicking Robin is here again,  
What does he care for the April rain?  
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know  
That April rain carries off the snow,  
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,  
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,  
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,  
For his hungry little robins to eat?

LUCY LARCOM.

THE BEACON CLUB. A LEAGUE OF  
BEACON READERS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

[Letters for this department should be addressed  
to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston,  
Mass.]

ONE of the advantages of Sunday school, as well as one of its pleasures, is the opportunity it gives for happy social hours. The first letter in our club to-day gives a very good account of the good times provided for the members of the Montclair Sunday school.

MONTCLAIR, N.J.,  
Feb. 16, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—I thought I would write and tell you about the parties we have in our Sunday school. We have had a Hallowe'en party, a Christmas party, and a Valentine party.

I like the Christmas parties the best. We play games, and one of our teachers tells us Christmas stories.

We always bring toys for the little poor children. Then Santa Claus comes, and we give him the toys to give to the children.

I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club.

Will you tell me about it, please?

Sincerely yours,

LOUISE BENJAMIN.

We welcome you, Louise, as a member of the club. I am sure you will always "let your light shine" (that is our motto) by being help-

ful in all ways, and by loving loyalty to your school and our paper, *The Beacon*.

The editor has a very pleasant memory of her visit to Clinton, and of the large Sunday school which greeted her there on Rally Sunday. She is glad to know that some of the boys there have not forgotten her message.

CLINTON, MASS.,  
Feb. 16, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like to join the Beacon Club. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school, the one that you visited Rally Sunday. The Sunday that you were here there were fifteen in our class, the next Sunday there were five, and the next there were ten. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* every Sunday, and also enjoyed your visit. We have read the New Testament and want to know what would be better than you spoke about. We thought that you would know by knowing our names and addresses. My name is Kenneth Parsons, age 12, 62 Highland Street, Clinton, Mass.

Respectfully yours,  
KENNETH P. PARSONS.

We should like to welcome all the fifteen boys of that class as members of our club. Perhaps they will write to us about something that interests them, birds or animals, games or contests of any kind, or something that they are doing together as a class.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA LI.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 12, 16, 15, 19, 20, is an African river.

My 1, 7, 15, 5, 9, is not loose.

My 18, 2, 3, 10, 13, is a possessive pronoun.

My 4, 11, 17, 18, 14, 6, 8, are small wheels.

My whole is a Unitarian paper.

HELEN C. SAFFORD.

## ENIGMA LI.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 4, 9, 12, is a kitchen utensil.

My 10, 5, 8, 3, 14, is an animal used on the deserts.

My 4, 7, 6, 1, is a small insect.

My 2, 11, 8, is a kind of meat.

My 13, 8, is a form of a verb.

My whole is nearly completed.

WILLIAM CROMBIE WHITE.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in blue, but not in pink.

My second, in eat, but not in drink.

My third you can find in Albany.

My fourth in canary discovered may be.

My fifth is in cotton, but not in flax.

My last is in nail, but not in axe.

My whole is a paper, I'm sure that you read,

So from these broad hints you must guess it indeed.

ELSIE LUSTIG.

## FLORAL ADDITIONS.

Add an animal and an article of clothing; an animal and to slide; pleasant taste and a boy's name; a bird and to incite; sweetmeat and a cluster; an animal and a girl's name.

*Youth's Companion.*

## POETICAL CONUNDRUM.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,  
I'm most employed while others sleep;  
What none would like to give away,  
Yet no one likes to keep.

DOROTHY BRADLEY.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25.

ENIGMA XLVI.—The Children's Mission.

ENIGMA XLVII.—To do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

## DOUBLE DIAMONDS.—

D  
B I B  
B L A K E  
D I A M O N D  
B R O A D  
E N D  
D  
C  
B U T  
B A T H E  
C U T T I N G  
T H I R D  
E N D  
G

A CONUNDRUM.—Joan of Arc was Maid of Orleans while Noah's ark was made of wood.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 2. Horatio Alger. 3. Theodore Roosevelt. 4. Napoleon Bonaparte. 5. Washington Irving. 6. Eli Whitney.

BEEHEADED RHYME.—Straining, training, raining. Brushing, rushing. Marching, arching.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Leslie Booth, Montreal, Canada, and from D. Ward Harrison, Lebanon, N.H.

## Her Turn.

All day two-year-old Priscilla had been trying to get one or the other parent to take an active part in her play, only to be told again and again, "Father's busy" or "Mother's busy."

Accordingly, she resigned herself to solitary occupation with her Noah's ark; and when, toward five o'clock, her mother manifested an interest in the baby by inviting her upstairs to bed, Priscilla shook her head and declared, with a mischievous twinkle, "Stairs busy, night-gown busy."

*Harper's Magazine.*